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A NIGHT IN CUNNEMARA.

THE evening of an autumn day in 1829 brought two young men, who had been engaged for several hours in shooting over the wilds of Cunnemara, to the vicinity of the lodgings of a priest, with whom one of them was on terms of intimate friendship. The day had been one of cheerless unintermitting rain; the two sportsmen were drenched with wet; and one of them, a stranger in the district, and not accustomed to its rude exercises, was spent with fatigue. It was after a slow and toilsome march through a bog of various degrees of solidity, and being more than once waded almost to the shoulders in the black moorven or bog-water which lay at the bottoms of the hollows cut in it by the winter floods, that the young men reached the vicinity of the priest's mansion. A shot fired at this moment by Blake, the individual of the party to whom Cunnemara was native ground, caused the almost instant appearance, at the door of his hovel, of the good-humoured face of Father Dennis, who no sooner distinguished his friend, than he issued forth, and gave him and his companion a hearty welcome.

"Father Dennis, Captain Clinton, of the —th. Clinton, Father Dennis Connelly," was the brief introduction by which Blake put the priest and his friend upon a footing of friendship. There was no need to inquire into the condition of the two sportsmen, and as little need to hint to the priest the line of conduct he ought to pursue towards them.

"Cold, wet, hungry, and fatigued, I see you are," said he, taking a pinch of snuff, and snapping his fingers after it. "But there's none of you more so than I am myself. Up and out I've been from peep of day this morning; not a morsel inside my lips since the bit of breakfast I swallowed at six o'clock; and never sat down a minute, no, nor stood still either, only just while I stepped in where I got calls, to buckle a pair in one place, and christen a couple of paustenes in another."

"What was it kept you so busy, Dennis?" said Blake.

"Pattthern day,* don't you know? And didn't you hear how the Heffernans and Conrys were killing sich other last year? Oh, then, if I hadn't enough to do with them this day, my name's not Dennis Connelly. God knows a heart-scald they are to any one that wants to keep paice and quiet among them. If you knew the pain I have in my shoulther this minute with leathering the scoundrels, and the tired legs I have pelting after them; for as fast as I'd disperse them in one place, they'd gather in another." And Father Dennis, with grimaces expressive of extreme suffering, rubbed the ailing shoulder with his left hand, and the ailing legs with both.

"What! do you beat your parishioners?" cried the Englishman, in utter astonishment.

"To be sure I do—bate them while bating's good for them, and that's long enough," replied the priest. "The poor ignorant cratures! sure they're like wild Indians! It's the only way to get any good of them."

"And are none of them ever tempted to make a return in kind?"

"Schrike me! is it? Ah, captain, you English have quare notions in your heads—no, but down on their knees to beg my pardon, and wouldn't think they'd have luck or grace if they didn't get it. When one dashes into the thick of a fight, then, to be sure, one may get an odd blow, but not on purpose—they'd think the hand would rot off them if they riz it on their clargy."

"In such a very wild district, all this may probably be necessary," said Clinton, making a polite effort.

"It is, my dear sir, quite necessary," cried the priest, taking Clinton's remark in perfect good faith; "only look at this delicate little switch I took from a fellow today. There can't be less than a pound's weight of lead in the ferral. A crack of that now would smash an ox's skull, let alone a Christian's; and the blackguard had it up just ready to let fly at one that wasn't thinking of him at all—(you know him, Isidore—Davy Gavan from Rusvela, a quiet poor man as ever lived). I got a houl't of the stick, but the fellow held it tight; he darn't shrike me, and he didn't like to let it go; so there we were at it, pully haully, till I twisted it out of his grip in spite of him. I had a great mind to give him a good clip then, but I didn't like to do it with such a walloper, so I makes a kick at him; and what do you think? the impudent scoundrel caught my foot in his hand. I felt I could not help going; but just as I was tumbling back, I tilts up the other foot with a spang, hit him just here under the butt of the ear, and knocked him over and over—you never seen a fellow take such a roll. Between ourselves," added the stalwart champion of good order, with a meaning compression of the lips, and a corresponding wink and nod, "he didn't get up quite so quick as I did."

The young men were by this time seated in the priest's parlour, where no time was lost in purveying for them, and for the priest himself, the solacements demanded by their worn-out condition. An hour must be supposed to have passed since their meal was concluded. They are seated round a blazing turf fire, and the corner of a large square table is drawn in between them, the more conveniently to bring within general reach the materials for compounding the smoking and smoky beverage that stands before each. The general appearance of the apartment is rather more decent than might be expected in a district so uncivilised. It is ceiled and whitewashed, and the earthen floor is covered with a "cautigh," or carpet of rush matting. It moreover boasts a couple of little sashed windows, a painted wooden chimneypiece (no grate, however), and for ornament, a whole series of highly coloured prints of saints, angels, and devils, varied by a coffee-coloured whole length of Napoleon Bonaparte, a view of the Bay of Naples, and a political caricature or two of some fifty years' standing. The priest's bed, it is true, as it stands against the wall, is rather a conspicuous object. But with its gay chintz curtains (quite new) and its patchwork quilt, it cannot well be deemed an eyesore, especially considering that the room is not otherwise very rich in furniture. Indeed, unless a great chest and a trunk or two may be counted as such, the inventory must be limited to a few chairs and an immense wooden press painted red (mahogany colour intended), to which the woman of the house is paying constant visits, the upper compartments being her pantry, and the lower her repository for house linen, &c.

The trio at the fire sat for a time silent and unoccupied; the countenances and attitudes of each richly, though in different styles, expressive of the quiet indolent satisfaction of rest after fatigue. At length, rousing himself, Father Dennis exclaimed, "Come, another tumbler, gentlemen! A wet day in the hills calls for two, at any rate, to the one you'd take at any other time."

"Ay, that's the rule, Clinton; so fill, fill, my boy," cried Blake. "Do you know, I think you are getting reconciled to the poteen?"

"You are not far from the truth," returned Clinton, smiling. "I am truly grateful to the put—put—heen, or what do you call it? and with good reason too, for

I never swallowed a potion half so grateful as that tumbler you forced down my throat by way of a pre-parative to drying myself. Henceforward I shall ever account it as the very best of cordials, where cordials are needed."

"There's many a true word said in jest, captain," said Father Dennis, nodding, as he filled his own glass brimful, and with an air of practised dexterity, turned it into his tumbler.

"You fancy I'm jesting, Mr Connelly, do you? Upon my honour you are wrong if you do. I literally think what I say of it."

"Then, upon my honour, and my conscience too, you're not far out in that, any way. And it's in such a place as this it is needed. Oh, the hardships I have to go through here in the winter saison, they're beyond belief! One can't even have a horse to help one out, for there's no riding. Look at my two elegant pair of boots that I brought with me, hanging up there against the wall, till they'd puzzle the rats themselves to make any use of them. And the foot work through the wet bogs is the sore work, though nothing at all to the boat work! Think, now, what it is to be out tossing on this contrary coast in all weathers—often with every tack about you as dripping wet as if you were keelhauled, and knowing all the time that you have a great dale better chance of the bottom than of any other end to your voyage. How would you like that, captain?"

"Not at all, I confess. But I hardly think the perils of the sea can be much greater than the perils of the land in this quarter."

"Ah, the moorven!" cried the priest. "Well, captain, I agree with you. As bad to be choked that way as with salt water."

"Ay, Dennis; but 'tisn't either of them you or I'd choose, if we were to be choked at all," said Blake, laughing; "water like this would be more to our taste. Come, will you tell the story of the cock and the tumbler to Clinton? Do, now—that's a good fellow."

"Oh, that ould story!—'twould be no pleasure to him."

"I beg your pardon, it would be a very great pleasure to me to hear a story of yours, if you will so far favour me," said the young officer politely.

"You're very kind to say so, captain, I'm sure. And if it was any thing worth your hearing—"

Here both the young men broke in upon his disqualifying speech, with assurances that at length seemed to conquer his modesty. "Oh, if you ra'llly have a fancy for it, gentlemen, 'tis no throuble to me to tell it, to be sure. I don't know, Captain Clinton, whether you have any idia of the sort of life a poor man lades, that's coadjuthor (what you'd call curate, you know) to a snug dacent worthy gentale parish priest that loves his aise. I'll tell you then. It's just the life of a pack-horse—no better. A sort of hand-ball he is, knocked about here and there, and up and down, and to and fro, wherever his shuparior plases to think he's wanted. Then, after slaving this way all day, routed out of his bed, maybe, half-a-dozen times in the coorse of the one night, to trot to the far ends of the parish at the bidding of every ould collich that takes it into her crazy head she's booked for the other world, and she as tough all the time, maybe, as an old raven."

"I beg pardon for the interruption, Mr Connelly," said Clinton, laughing heartily at the list of grievances, or rather at the manner in which they were set forth, tones and grimaces inclusive; "but you must make allowance for my utter ignorance. Tell me, how is this very hard case different from yours at present, as

* A half festive half religious meeting of the people in solitary places, common in the Highlands of Ireland, and at which much fighting sometimes takes place.

a parish priest? You are liable to be called about in the same way, if I don't misunderstand you."

"True for you, my dear sir. I have most of the hardships as it is, sure enough. But then there's two little circumstances in the case that make a material difference. The poor condjuthor, you see, does all the work, and gets only half, maybe only the third, of the dues. Then, again, after one of them unlucky calls, when he jogs back tired and disappointed, all the comfort there's for him is black looks, if it isn't hard words itself, from one that wouldn't wag a finger to save him a journey to Jericho and back again."

"All very true," cried Blake. "But where has the story slipped to, Dennis?"

"Patience, Isidore, I'm coming to it, all in good time, if you'll only let me. Well, you are to know, Captain Clinton, there was once upon a time a poor priest—as it might be myself—and he, after a hard day's work, was just going to sit down to his little supper, of a Saturday night, of all nights in the week, when there comes a tantararara to his door, enough to waken up the dead; and before he had time to bless himself, he was packed off to ride seven miles up the mountain, through the rain and sleet and wind—(pitch dark it was too, into the bargain)—to anoint a creature that wasn't expected.* Well, captain, I needn't tell you what a time he and his poor baste had of it, getting through the bogs such a night; but he did get through them at last. The man of the house was in bed, but he got up, and brought out a little cruiskeen of poteen; and another man that had come across from Joyce Country, he got up too, and they all three settled themselves down by the fire, very cosy and comfortable. The priest had just mixed his tumbler, when he sees the cock, that was roosting upon the rafters above, lifting up the wings of him, this way" (acting the motion), "getting ready for the crow; a sign, mark you, that twelve o'clock was coming. Now, a priest can't touch bit or sup, you know, from twelve o'clock on Saturday night, till twelve o'clock next day—that's till after last mass. So when he sees the lad preparing, he ups with the tumbler" (still acting), "and down clean he had it, before the screech came. 'There now,' says he, in Irish, as he set it down with a whack, 'wasn't that well done? I took it off between the clapping and the crowing.'"

The lungs of the young Englishman did "crow like chanticleer" at this narrative; nor was he behind-hand in the clapping.

"Ah, but it's better far in the Irish," resumed Father Dennis. "*Edir sihan aek gab*, you know, Isidore, between the wing and the beak. By far more expressive."

Another hearty fit of laughter signalled the conclusion of the story. But, Clinton having for some time given tokens of a disposition to sleep, his friend now proposed that they should bid their kind host good-night. Dennis, though willing to prolong the entertainment, was too polite to resist their wishes; and he accordingly rose, and led the way across the kitchen to an apartment, which was certainly no favourable contrast to the one they had just quitted. The earthen floor, in its undisguised ruggedness—the unhinged door merely resting against its door-frame—the partition wall wanting at least two feet of reaching the loft of hurdles that formed the sole ceiling overhead—and the small dismantled window, one pane alone, out of its four, in proper order for excluding air and admitting light, displayed no inconsiderable sum total of discomfort. Nor was there much to balance the account, except a tolerably clear fire on the hearth, and the clean and good articles of bedding that furnished forth a wooden-roofed bedstead, sociably destined for the accommodation of the pair of wearied sportsmen. Clinton's glance did not fail to take in all these details. But the idea of a bivouac being uppermost in his mind, he was able, with a good grace, to make light of the subject-matter of the lamentations with which the parting compliments of the hospitable priest were rather profusely seasoned.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed, and the two youths were not half that time asleep, when Blake was awakened by Father Dennis's housekeeper, with the information that a marriage party had arrived, after having followed the priest all day, and that, if he and his friend would rise, they might see the whole fun from the top of the partition wall, without being themselves seen. "It's Tom Conry's widdy, sir," she said, "Mary Duane, and the bridegroom is a boy from Lethercul-lin, Patsheen Halloran by name—a big mullet-headed nommehawn, the very moral of the first husband, just as soft-looking, as fat, and as foolish. 'Och, if your honour seen the pair, you would laugh if there was a laugh in you!'"

Blake instantly rose, and roused his companion, who, though at first more disposed to lie still than to enjoy the finest fun in the world, was at last persuaded to get up. When both had dressed, they ascended by a ladder to the place which the house-

keeper had pointed out as a point of observation for the survey of the next apartment, and there, sure enough, a very amusing scene met their eyes. The bridal party, easily distinguishable from the people of the house by their dripping garments, were (with one exception) clustered round the fire, which a half-dressed girl, evidently roused from her sleep for the occasion, had just replenished. This damsel was now squatted down before her handy-work, blowing it up with might and main by the alternate aid of her seamy red petticoat and her redder lips, and from time to time intermitting her occupation, to invite the approach of the straggler—a gentle dame—who, however, stoutly resisted all persuasions, whether verbal or manual, to move her from the spot near the door, where she had thought fit to establish herself. But the object that most immediately caught Clinton's observation, was a huge settle-bed near the fire, from which more than one head appeared, projecting like birds from the nest, to take observation of the company who had broken up their rest.

"Now I must be your Asmodeus, I suppose, Clinton," said Blake. "To begin, I must point out the bride to you."

"Needless, quite needless, my good friend," rejoined the other. "There is no mistaking that fair personification of bridal bashfulness, leaning against the wall there, aloof from the rest of the bevy."

"Truly, I believe you are right. The shrinking attitude, and the half-averted visage, and the hood of the blue cloak held so modestly close under the chin, for fear a glimpse at all could be had of her! 'tis capitally well got up altogether! There now is the good of practice to make perfect. Not one raw maiden in ten could top her part with the widow."

"Well, as you would say, joy be to her! But you are forgetting your office, Signor Diable; which is the happy man?"

"Why, to say truth, he is a stranger to me. But from Nelly's account, I opine, by the great red head, and red gills, and clumsy build, and sheepish look, we may identify him in the person of the worthy beyond there, so busy with the toe of his brogue settling straws in crosses. Symbolical and ominous that, I am afraid! But, hush! here comes Father Dennis. Not a whisper above your breath now, or he'll look up at us, for he knows my peephole of old."

There was a general movement among the groups below, as the priest made his appearance; but we may fairly confine our notice (as Blake did) to the bride and bridegroom. The former shrunk yet closer to the wall, while the gallant groom came forward, fumbling in his pockets, and looking to the right and the left, as if for escape or assistance. At length he lugged forth the foot of a stocking, and one by one extracted its contents, some eight-and-twenty lily-white shillings, of which he formed a goodly pile on the table, that had meanwhile been placed before the ecclesiastic. Father Dennis seemed to look on during this operation with much unconcern; and when it was completed, and the money pushed over to him, he measured its height with his thumb, and coolly pushed it back. "This won't do, my lady," cried he, addressing the bashful fair one, whose ogling of the wall became only the closer; "pay me the ten shillings you owe me for giving the rites of the church to your last husband, and then I'll marry you to another, and welcome—but the devil a bit of it till then."

Not a word issued from the blue hood; but the bridegroom's voice, with a chorus of three others, opened at once in Irish. The priest replied in the same language; they rejoined with interest (one little sharp-looking old woman being particularly vociferous), and the exchange of fire became every moment more close and continuous.

"Blake, all this is only dumb show to me; pray, pray favour me with an interpretation," whispered Clinton to his companion, who was almost convulsed with suppressed laughter.

"Oh, such a whimsical debate on the subject of the ten shillings! but I hardly know how to render it for you. That little bitter old woman there, is the first husband's mother; she is all but drowning poor Dennis's enumeration of his expenses of purse and person in coming by boat to her son in a most plentiful torrent of abuse. Then there's the bride's mother, whining and trying to mollify; and the bride's brother, making out a long account of losses sustained, and a blank one of the balance-sheet; and the happy man himself, disputing his liability, and professing his inability, to answer the debts of his predecessor. Now, now, again Father Dennis strikes in—'A folly to talk! one score must be cleared off before another is begun.'"

"And his firmness causes a lull," said Clinton.

"Ay, and sends the bridegroom's hand into his pocket again, though he almost swore himself black in the face just now that he had not another shilling in the world. Out comes the silver. Ah, the sleeve of a fellow, see how he keeps the hand over it! I'd lay any thing now he'll want to get off for part!"

"Heyday! what has raised the storm again?" exclaimed the Englishman, as the clamour recommenced as spiritedly as ever.

"As I guessed. He has put down six shillings, and wants time for the other four. Time for a month—for a fortnight—Och! prayers and entreaties!—Well, then, really Dennis is very tough—maybe the poor fellow actually hasn't it."

"So it is your fashion in this country to marry without a shilling in the world, is it?" said Clinton.

"Too much so, I confess. But in the present case, a man might have stock, cows, sheep, pigs, and goats, and still not silver for a present occasion. I have more than half a mind to discover myself and lend. Och! no need of it! he has found out a pocket he didn't know he had about him—two shillings. You may coin the other two, my tight lad, before I think again of helping you. Now he is trying to persuade Nelly's husband to go bail for him. A civil refusal—Father Dennis wouldn't take his bail. By my honour and credit, but this is too good! Another little pocket he has discovered, and out come the last two shillings! My blessing on—Hullo! mercy on us! is the woman electrified!"

This vehement exclamation was not uncalled for; since, the very moment the modest shrinking bride saw the last coin deposited, she flung back her hood, and, bursting through the circle, stood before the priest with eyes flashing, cheeks glowing, and tongue ready to ring an alarm peal. "Since you've got my money, give me the worth of it!" cried she. "Say me a mass for the soul of my poor man that's gone! God knows it's chape armin' fur ye!"

"Whisht, woman, whisht—stop your clatter—don't you know there's gentlemen in the house? Do you want to rouse them up?"

"Who cares for your gentlefolks!" cried she, screaming still louder, and stamping with passion. "Let me have something for my money, I say—it's little you ever give, but let me have something!"

"Hut tut—sure it's none of your money I touched, maureen! Halloran did the thing handsome, after all—ped me for himself and yourself, and poor Tom into the bargain. I've nothing at all to do with you, ashore."

"You have something to do with me, and plenty to do with me. 'Twas my money he ped you down, Faith! I'd think twice afore I'd marry widout the marriage money in my fist—to have a man the right to sell me whin he'd get tired of me!"

At this moment the virago started and paused in turn, the long-suppressed laughter from above breaking forth in an uncontrollable peal. Father Dennis's eye instantly sought the aperture. "Bother you, you scamp, is it there you are?" cried he, shaking his fist good humouredly at his young friend; "and you've brought the English captain to spy at me too! By this and that, Isidore, I'll be even with you for this yet."

"Faith, you are even with me as it is, for I am more than half choked with laughing," gasped Blake. "Oh, these sides of mine! they ought to be iron to stand it!"

"And the wall ought to be iron, to stand your wriggling; you'll have it a-top of us, I think," cried the priest. "Come down out of that, and don't be making a fool of yourself, and aggravating me! Come down, I tell you, both of ye, and look on at the wedding like Christians."

"Here I am at your elbow," cried Blake, making a leap from the top of the partition wall, while his companion effected a more orderly entrance by the door. "Here we both are! And now let me settle the debate between you and Mary Duane. Mary will forgive your making her pay her old debts (and, you know yourself, that is the greatest offence that can be given in this country), and you'll promise to say the mass for poor Tom Conry. You ought to do what you can for him, I'm sure, if it was only for old acquaintance sake. Mary's the good drop of poteen of his making has helped to wet the whistle for you before now. And right good it was, always—wasn't it? It's the least you can do to give him a cast of your office, when he so often gave you one of his, before the puff was out of him."

"Well, well, sure I'll do it! No more words about it now," cried the priest; and the women hailed the promise in a torrent of thanks and blessings on "Misther Isidore."

When these were silenced, the ceremony proceeded. Bottles of the national cordial were then produced from the pockets of the men, and from under the cloaks of the women, supplying means for a deep pledge to the health and happiness of bride and bridegroom; which last important branch of the rites roused up even the tenants of the settle-bed, who had fallen fast asleep during the lull.

The departure of the bridal company of course followed; but the priest and his two young guests continued chatting and laughing by the kitchen fire for some time after the dispersion.

"Well, Clinton," said Blake, "you have now seen a good specimen of an Irish wedding. Do you think it was worth getting out of bed for?"

"I would not have missed it for any thing," was the reply. "It was a most original scene—comic beyond what I could have conceived, even of a Cunnemara wedding. The comic effect was admirable. The bridegroom, with his inimitable cruise of discovery through forgotten pockets, and the bashful bride, transformed by a magic touch into an amazon. Why, it would make no bad groundwork for a pantomime. By the bye, though, the lady dropped something that puzzled me. What was that she said about her husband's having a right to sell her?"

"How?—a right to sell her? Did she say that? Oh, I know now what you mean—that's if she did not pay the marriage money. A queer notion the people have here, that if a man pays the marriage fees, he in fact buys his wife, and may sell her again for the same, if he can find a purchaser. I have known

* Not expected to live.

it actually done in one instance—though I suppose Dennis would snap off my nose for mentioning it, as I own I cannot back it by a second. But so far as talk goes, all that priest or layman can say won't beat it out of their heads but that it is lawful. There's another item for your commonplace book, if you keep one. I think a good long list of Cunnamara characteristics have fallen under your eye in this ramble of ours."

"Yes; I have certainly been fortunate in that respect," said the young officer. "Whatever may be my future adventures, I am pretty sure they will never efface the memory of this 'Night in Cunnamara.'"

SECOND ARTICLE ON INSANITY.

HAVING described, in our preceding paper on this subject, the various leading forms in which mental derangement manifests itself, we now proceed to the consideration of the question—What is the proper mode of treatment for the insane?

There are few subjects into which man can inquire, from which he will turn with as much horror, as from an investigation into the manner in which insane persons were formerly treated. Lashings, it is recorded, constituted the common mode of treatment received by these unhappy creatures at the hands of their ascetical keepers. When asylums became general, the case was very little amended. Lunatics were regarded rather in the light of wild beasts than of human beings, and the mode of managing them corresponded with this brutal and unworthy notion. In fact, neither medical men nor the public at large had any hope of, or wish for, a cure of the insane. Their rooms or cells were uniformly loathsome from dirt, and, in many places on the Continent, lunatics were confined in cages, through the bars of which food and straw were thrust in to them, and where their every motion was exposed to visitors, who paid a sum to see them, as is done with wild beasts.

This picture might be greatly extended, but enough has been said for our present purpose. And to what time does the reader think this description applies? It is scarcely twenty years since nearly every word of it might be said with truth of the receptacles for the insane in Britain! It was only at that period that a better spirit spread abroad on the subject of insanity. Asylums began to be regarded as places for the cure, not for the living burial, of lunatics. Earlier, indeed, than twenty years ago, a reforming impulse had been given to the subject in some European countries; but the spirit of improvement was tardy in its operation. And even to this day, though many of the glaring evils of the old mode of treating the insane exist no longer, a clear and rational system can scarcely be said to have been introduced in their place. Neither with regard to the construction of asylums—to their internal or external arrangements, to the classification of the insane, or the amusements and occupations provided for them—to the selection of keepers, or to numberless other points connected with the physical and moral management of lunatics—is the requisite attention paid at this day, in our own and many other civilised countries; or rather the fault is, that no general and well understood system of management is followed at all. The system detailed and recommended by Mr Browne in his work, seems to be admirable in every respect, and of it we shall now give an account, while, at the same time, in doing so, we shall point out some of the defects which attach to the majority of existing lunatic establishments at the present day.

It is impossible, in the first place, to overrate the importance of securing the services of proper attendants for a lunatic asylum. On the qualifications, indeed, of the highest of these attendants—the medical officer of the institution—every thing may be said to depend. In him (says Mr Browne) "there must be a benevolence which will be prepared to make the lunatic a companion and a friend in all the essential qualities of reciprocal confidence, mutual forbearance, fellow-feeling, and rational counsel; which will in all cases forget that an awful but not an unpassable gulf of obliterated acquirements, numbed or lethargic emotions, and darkened reason, can separate two beings born of one family; and only hold before the mind's eye the things that still remain in common." With gentleness and benevolence, at the same time, he must combine a degree of active firmness, which may restrain within the bounds of safety his inclination to soothe and indulge. The intellectual qualifications for such a trust are high and varied, but cannot be easily specified. Unfortunately, according to the customs of this country, medical men cannot receive that training for the cure of insanity, which is open to them as far as other diseases are concerned. Lunatic asylums are closed upon the student of medicine, and this is an evil, which tells deeply upon the welfare of lunatic establishments over the country at this moment. The only practicable remedy is, to throw open pauper establishments of the kind, wherever they exist, to medical students, under proper regulations. The admirable institutions of France, also, may be resorted to for similar purposes with immense advantage. However the requisite knowledge may be acquired, it is obvious that the common professional education of a medical man in Britain never can qualify him to take charge of the insane. Even lectures on the subject are rarely attended, and a course of them is rendered imperative by none of our licensing colleges.

Scarcely of less importance than that of the physician, is the character of the keepers of the insane. "These, in Britain," (says Mr Browne expressively,) "are the unemployed of other professions." We require cooks or coachmen to bring certificates of previous experience, probity, and a knowledge of their duties, before we allow them to dress our food or take charge of our horses; and we give them large salaries. But from those whose "care is the human mind," we usually exact no proofs of competence for their duties, or of correctness of character, and we give to them a pittance which would argue the low esteem in which they and their services are held. This is one of the most crying defects of the lunatic institutions of Britain. In France, these officials undergo a regular training or apprenticeship before they are entrusted with the care of a single lunatic, and they are remunerated liberally, at a rate corresponding with the arduous and difficult nature of their trust. In Britain, besides, the number of lunatics usually put under the charge of one keeper, is preposterously large, amounting in the most moderate cases to thirty. The laws of France on this subject assign one keeper for every ten lunatics; and when it is considered that the keeper has to attend to all the wants and wishes, regulate the employments and amusements, tranquillise, walk and converse with, feed, clothe, and put to bed, all these ten persons, it will surely be admitted that the proportion is indeed large enough. Britain would do well to copy in these respects the humane and enlightened laws of her neighbour.

We have been as explicit on these points as our space would admit, for they are well deserving of the attention of the public. The next point to which we have to advert, is the position and construction of lunatic establishments. A healthy site, a peaceful neighbourhood, and an ample supply of water, are indispensable requisites. For reasons to be mentioned, the summit or the slope of a rising ground is the best situation, with abundance of room around for pleasure-grounds or gardens. A great part of the building ought to consist but of one story, the dangers and temptations of stairs and elevations having been found frequently fatal, where furious or suicidal madmen were lodged. The windows should be of the cottage form, which permits the placing of iron bars sufficient for security, without their being observed, or at least without their offending the eye with a prison look. The rooms ought all to be large and lofty, and so arranged as to permit an extensive system of night classification to be put in operation. The greater part of the building should be provided for females, as their numbers always predominate in such institutions. The best asylums of recent erection do not consist of one large house with wards and corridors in long succession, as in common hospitals, but of a number of separate houses, in which the patients are distributed according to their dispositions, and the features and stage of their disease. From a fear of the inmates setting fire to the building, no fires were formerly kept in the old asylums. This is in part remedied in modern establishments, fires being kept in the common room or rooms. But the lunatics are still forced to pass direct from these warm halls into their cold bedrooms, where fires could not with propriety be placed. Mr Browne strongly recommends that pipes of heated water should be carried through these apartments, to obviate this very serious inconvenience. The walls ought to be stuffed on their inside face with wool, &c. in order to prevent the mutilations which the insane are apt to inflict on themselves. Baths should exist in abundance, and every other convenience which water can afford.

Out of doors, the grounds should be well laid out and planted; and if they are not on a slope, or in such a natural position as to permit the inmates to see something of the country beyond the inclosing walls, an artificial mound should be erected, high enough to permit the spectacle to be enjoyed, though too low to permit any intercourse with people without. This has been found of vast importance in maintaining in the breasts of the insane, a sort of fellow-feeling with the world which they have been separated from. To permit these airing grounds to be serviceable at all times, covered galleries ought to run along a great part of them.

We come now to the most vital part of the subject—the moral treatment of the insane. This, says Mr Browne, may be summed up in two words—*kindness and occupation*. In prescribing occupation for lunatics, there are many things to be attended to. The condition of the individual, and his former employment, if he had learned one, ought to be the guides as to the kind of labour and the proportion of time to be devoted to it. The motive by which lunatics are to be induced to work, should neither be compulsion, coaxing, nor bribes, though all of these may occasionally be found necessary. Let their labour, however, have in some way or other the effect of adding to their own comfort or gratifying a harmless wish, and no other inducement to work will usually be required. Money is, in general, much desired by lunatics as a compensation for their labour. To grant or withhold this entirely, are steps alike inexpedient; but an excellent plan is, to set apart a portion of the lunatic's earnings for his behoof at the period of his restoration to reason and the world, should that ever take place.

Classification of the insane is the point of next importance, and should proceed, in Mr Browne's opinion,

upon three or four leading principles. The first ground for distinction is the rate of board, and a very rational one it is, seeing that, independently of their ability to pay for it, common sense would dictate the concession of certain delicacies and refined comforts to affluent lunatics, which would be actually injurious to the poor, who had never been accustomed to them. The second principle of classification is the stage of the disease. This cannot well be explained further, than by observing, that the most injurious effects have frequently resulted from permitting convalescent patients to come in contact, even occasionally, with the still violently insane. The stage of convalescence, above all other periods, requires the nicest care and attention. The third principle of classification is based upon the dispositions of individuals, and the character of their malady. The great affinities of gentleness, of docility, of despondency, of vehemence, &c., are readily perceived, and by them the classification is to be regulated. A helpless idiot may become the adopted child of some mother, whose only delusion is, weeping for infants which she never bore; and in this manner whole families may be formed in an asylum. A vain idler may be stimulated to exertion by being placed beside industrious knitters or oakum-teasers. All wrong tendencies may generally be in this way softened or obliterated. The degree of intellectual culture, the tastes and manners of parties, ought also to be taken into account as a guide to classification. The refined lunatic should be placed among those possessed of congenial feelings, and not among the coarse and ignorant.

"When classes (says Mr Browne) have been thus formed in conformance to the mutual wants, and wishes, and dispositions of the parties, the system is at once beautiful and self-operating. There is no need of keepers to direct, and chide, and caution. Their presence is required to regulate the machine, but its motions are spontaneous. The little kindnesses of co-operation and assistance go forward; the weaver plies his shuttle as vigorously, and the dance and song conclude the day as regularly, as if a whip or a comfit were displayed." All this while, however, it must be remembered, that such a state of things is only attained by the exercise of the most consummate tact, care, and discrimination, and that even in the midst of the utmost apparent peace and security, an asylum must always be the scene of laws vigorously enforced, of industry, rewards and punishments. Great differences of opinion have been entertained respecting the introduction of religious worship among lunatics. It has been objected, that religious exercises are eminently exciting, and consequently prejudicial. The experience of modern asylums is, however, decidedly favourable to the almost unqualified admission of the insane to the services of religion.

Dancing has been already mentioned. Both as a physical exercise, and as a recreation, it has been introduced, and with excellent effects, into many asylums, and ought to be adopted in all. A great number of other modes of recreation have also been tried with the most beneficial consequences. Some of these will be gathered by the reader from the concluding paragraph of Mr Browne's admirable treatise. This we now extract:—

"In place of multiplying individual examples of excellence, let me conclude by describing the aspect of an asylum as it ought to be. Conceive a spacious building resembling the palace of a peer, airy, and elevated, and elegant, surrounded by extensive and swelling grounds and gardens. The interior is fitted up with galleries, and workshops, and music-rooms. The sun and the air are allowed to enter at every window; the view of the shrubberies and fields, and groups of labourers, is unobstructed by shutters or bars; all is clean, quiet, and attractive. The inmates all seem to be actuated by the common impulse of enjoyment; all are busy, and delighted by being so. You meet the gardener, the common agriculturist, the mower, the weeder, all intent on their several occupations, and loud in their merriment. The flowers are tended, and trained, and watered, by one; the humbler task of preparing the vegetables for table, is committed to another. Some of the inhabitants act as domestic servants, some as artisans, some rise to the rank of overseers. The bakehouse, the laundry, the kitchen, are all well supplied with indefatigable workers. In one part of the edifice are companies of straw-plaiters, basket-makers, knitters, spinners, among the women; in another, weavers, tailors, saddlers, and shoemakers, among the men. For those who are ignorant of these gentle crafts, but are strong and steady, there are loads to carry, water to draw, wood to cut, and for those who are both ignorant and weakly, there is oakum to tease and yarn to wind. The curious thing is, that all are anxious to be engaged, toil incessantly, and in general without any other recompense than being kept from disagreeable thoughts and the pains of illness. They literally work in order to please themselves; and having once experienced the possibility of doing this, and of earning peace, self-applause, and the approbation of all around, sound sleep, and it may be some small remuneration, a difficulty is found in restraining their eagerness, and moderating their exertions. There is in this community no compulsion, no chains, no whips, no corporal chastisement, simply because these are proved to be less effectual means of carrying any point than persuasion, emulation, and the desire of obtaining gratification. But there are gradations of employment. You may visit rooms where there are ladies reading,

or at the harp or piano, or flowering muslin, or engaged in some of those thousand ornamental productions in which female taste and ingenuity are displayed."

We have still some brief remarks on the Statistics of Insanity to lay before the reader. These must be left to another occasion.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

SOME time ago a public literary festival took place in New York, which was attended by authors, printers, publishers, booksellers, and other individuals connected with the important and thriving business of literary production and dissemination. At the dinner, numerous animating speeches were delivered, and the whole affair went off with great eclat. According to the account given by a New York paper, one of the gentlemen present, a Colonel Stone, editor of "The Commercial," in a quaint and humorous speech managed to introduce some interesting statistics relative to the present condition of literature in America. "There are not a few among us (said he) who have so little faith in the wit of their countrymen, that they sneer at the term 'American literature,' as if the idea of such a thing being in existence were absurd. They remember the time when such a thing was not; and the fact of its having sprung into existence during the brief years of their remembrance, seems preposterous in the highest degree.

"Who is that tall young man, coquetting with the Widow Dimple?" said a faded belle to an old beau who stood near her.

"That—why, that," replied the other, "is young Beanstalk, the son of your old admirer."

"Impossible!" rejoined the incredulous lady, bridling as she glanced into a mirror opposite—impossible. I remember when his father was married; and unless the boy shot up like his vegetable namesake, of Jack-the-Giant-Killer memory, his eldest child must be yet in the nursery."

And thus it is with those worthy sceptics who will not believe in the existence of a national literature, because they have not watched it while growing.

The number of works published for the first time in the United States, in the years 1834 and 1835, was a thousand and thirteen, comprising about thirteen hundred different volumes. Allowing one thousand copies to an edition, the wholesale cost of these would be one million two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. This is exclusive of new editions of recent and old works, of bibles, of prayer-books, periodicals, &c., which amount to at least as much more.

In 1836 this number was materially increased; and the amount of capital invested in the books issued from the press during that year, is ascertained, from the most authentic data, to be at least a million and a half; that is, this sum is invested in books printed in one year, nineteen-twentieths of which are issued in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Hartford.

In most instances the editions of the same work in the United States are larger, and oftener repeated than in any other country. Many re-printed English works have passed through three or four editions here, while the original publisher was disposing of one. One book, in particular, can be named, of which the fourth edition (one thousand copies each) was published in England in December—the sale in America having at that time exceeded one hundred thousand copies.

It is believed that the amount of American publishing has more than doubled within the period of the last ten years. The aggregate sales of five bookselling houses, in the year 1836, amounted to one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The subjects of books published in the year 1834, were in the following proportion:—

	Original American.	Reprints.
Education,	73	9
Theology,	37	18
Novels and Tales, . . .	19	95
History and Biography, .	19	17
Law,	20	3
Medicine,	10	3
Poetry,	8	3
Voyages and Travels, . .	8	10
Fine Arts,	8	0
Miscellaneous,	59	43
Totals,	261	201

From this statement, it appears that in our own books, the speculative and the useful greatly preponderate; and that works of the imagination are chiefly supplied from abroad. Our school-books are almost entirely written or compiled at home; and the extent of their manufacture may be judged from the fact, that of some of the more popular compilations of geography, from one to three hundred thousand copies have been sold in ten years; and works of this kind, in some cases, produce an ample and even liberal permanent income both to the author and publisher.

Now, what is the inevitable conclusion from this array of facts? Why, that the book-making business, including both authors and venders, is rapidly attaining an importance in this country, such as it never had before, from the simple fact that no country has ever yet produced so large a body of consumers for the manufactured article. What may be the ultimate operation of this, as to the improvement of letters, it

is impossible to say—a prodigious increase of books follows, as a matter of course, but their quality must depend almost entirely upon the education, tastes, and habits of the generation, to suit whose whims and caprices they will be prepared like any other merchantable commodities."

We may be permitted to make a few remarks on the subjects touched upon in the foregoing speech. In the first place, we can corroborate the justice of the observations on American school treatises and books for youth. These productions are, generally speaking, much superior to those in use in England and Scotland, being more practically useful and more comprehensive. They are, however, also higher in price. The Americans do not seem to grudge a dollar for a good school-book for a child. With us, the mass of the people are so poor, that they cannot afford high-priced school-books for their children, and the difficulty of getting low-priced books keeps thousands of children from attending schools even where the teaching is gratuitous. The universal complaint among the people, is not so much the dearth of school wages, as the dearth of books; and it is with a view to the remedying of this crying evil, as far as private individuals can remedy it, that the cheap Educational books of Messrs Chambers have been issued.

We wish that the colonel in his speech had touched a little more explicitly on the existing practice of republishing British works in America, without the permission of the authors or original publishers. This practice is, no doubt, quite legal in the present state of things, and is therefore so far excusable; but is it morally just or honourable? The English publishers have no equivalent in the right of republishing American books. An international law of copyright has been for some years talked of, and we should rejoice if it were instituted, both on private and public grounds. We are only fearful, that, if it were established, the British publishers would in some way still be placed at a disadvantage. At the present moment, for instance, English copyright extends over the British American colonies, but these colonies draw their chief supply of British reprints from Philadelphia and New York. An edition of our own humble sheet is reprinted in one of these cities, and circulates all over Canada; and we feel that it would be quite hopeless to attempt to stop such an infringement of our rights. The devising of a plan by which the English publishers could protect their property over all parts of the extensive continent of North America, we leave to wiser heads than ours.

SAWNEY.

THAT there is no part of the world where a Scotsman and a Newcastle grinding-stone may not be found, is a most true saying, as far as the Scotsman, at least, is concerned. It has been so since ever Scotland was a nation. If we can believe Dempster, there were Scotsmen in learned situations all over Europe so early as the eighth century. In the whole range of Scottish biography, four-fifths of the details refer to countries out of Scotland. It has been stated that, in the reign of Charles I. there were several thousands of Scottish pedlars in the kingdom of Poland alone.* Germany, Prussia, Denmark, and other countries in the centre of Europe, contain many landed families descended from Scotch gentlemen of the same period, who lent their swords to Gustavus Adolphus.

Modern emigration has produced still greater wonders. Whole districts of America are peopled by Scotch. A certain valley in New Jersey, we have heard, is settled almost entirely by persons from Roxburgh and Selkirk shires. In a large part of Prince Edward's Island, the vernacular tongue is Gaelic, the inhabitants being mostly Highlanders. And a gentleman who has the means of knowing, lately mentioned to us that there are more people from the Isle of Skye in different parts of America, than the whole of the population of Skye amounts to at present—such has been the extent of the emigration. In Nova Scotia, a large section of the inhabitants are Scotch; and at Halifax and many other towns, there are St Andrew clubs, composed exclusively of Scotch and their immediate descendants. In New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, and the East and West Indies, this singularly migratory people are to be found in equal abundance. They are likewise, in lesser or greater numbers, scattered over the different islands of the Pacific, also the Isle of France, Madagascar, the Cape of Good Hope, and Madeira; one of them was lately discovered by an English traveller in Kamptchatka, quite nationalised among the inhabitants of that half-savage country. This instance was not more remarkable than the discovery of the son of an Edinburgh porter at the head of a predatory band of Arabs in the deserts of Africa,

* The Scotch term for pedlar is *petter*, which being found in England and other countries as a family surname, may lead to the conclusion that persons so called are the descendants of the Scotch pedlars who roved so extensively abroad in ancient times.

as mentioned in an early number of the Journal. The story, we should suppose, is also well known, of a certain vizier to the sultan of Constantinople having been a Scotsman from Kirkcaldy. It is as follows:—At the conclusion of a war between the Russians and Turks, before the treaty of peace was concluded, there was occasion for a conference between the Russian general, who was Field-Marshal Keith, and the grand vizier, to settle some preliminary articles. When the conference was at an end, they arose to separate; the marshal made his bow with hat in hand, and the vizier his salaam, with turban on his head: but when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the vizier turned suddenly, and coming up to the marshal, took him freely by the hand, and, in the broadest Scotch dialect, spoken by the lowest and most illiterate of our countrymen, declared warmly, that it made him "unco happy, now he was sae far frae hame, to meet a countryman in his exalted station." Marshal Keith was astonished; but the vizier replied, "My father was bellman of Kirkcaldy, in Fife, and I remember to have seen you, sir, and your brother, often occasionally passing." More than one Scotsman have figured as Russian admirals. Admiral Greig, a native of Inverkeithing, who died about 1791, occurs to us as a remarkable instance. Catherine, also, had a physician who was the son of a miller at the head of Peebles-shire.

An acquaintance lately mentioned to us, that, while some time ago travelling on the Continent, he alighted upon a couple of Sawneys by pure accident—the one keeping a saddler's shop in Paris, and the other keeping a provision warehouse in Rome. In the first instance, he had gone into a shop to ask his way, and to his astonishment, his inquiry, in bad French, was answered by a reply in good broad Scotch: This puts us in mind of a story we saw some time since in a Perth paper. A gentleman from the neighbourhood of Perth, a few years ago, had occasion to visit Alexandria, and as the Pasha's reforms had not been then effected, he was more than once exposed to the outrages and insults of the populace. Having applied to Mr Salt, the British consul, for protection, he was given in charge to a Mussulman of respectability in the place, under whose guardianship he visited every accessible object of interest in that wonderful city. He was surprised, on a very short acquaintance, to find that his companion spoke English fluently. On questioning him, he was informed, to his no small astonishment, that the Mussulman was a native of Scotland; that he was born and spent his youth at Lunarcy bleachfield, in the neighbourhood of Perth; that he had had a scuffle with another young man there, whose life was in consequence despaired of, and, dreading the punishment of the law, he had fled from his native place, and taken refuge in a vessel bound for the Mediterranean. This vessel was captured by Algerines, and the prisoners carried into port. After going through sundry adventures, he came into the service of an apothecary in Alexandria, who employed him to sell drugs through the city, allowing him a very small pittance from the sums he thus collected. He afterwards applied to Mr Salt, who kindly assisted him with money sufficient to commence business as an apothecary on his own account, and he had been so successful, that he soon repaid the borrowed money; and he was now in good circumstances.

Travellers abroad cannot be more surprised with the universality of Sawney, than they would be in journeying through Scotland, and finding on private inquiry how many of the natives of the different towns have left their homes in order to better their circumstances elsewhere. It is our belief that there is not a small town or village in the whole country, but, as in the case of the Isle of Skye, has as many of its natives abroad as there are left at home. In some cases the number of these absentees must be double that of the residents. Every family you visit has relations in foreign countries. The lower and middle classes have friends in North America and Australia; the higher orders have sons in the East Indies or in the army. Every one has a cousin, a son, an uncle, or some relative or other, abroad. Indeed, there is no such thing as a complete set of relations to be found. There is an universal scattering. One day, entering into a little friendly chat with an old man who was breaking stones on a roadside in a distant part of the country, and whose family we had known many years ago at school, we found this kind of dispersion pretty well illustrated. "Well, Robert," said I, "there's a fine day." (By the bye, always begin with the weather with a Scottish

peasant: it gives an easy opening to a dialogue.) "Ay, it's grand weather, sir, for the craps; we've great reason to be thankful." Resting on his hammer, and looking sidewise at us, the old man continued—"But ye seem to ken me, sir, and I'm rather at a loss." "Oh," I replied, "it's many years since I saw you; but I knew your sons very well at school. What has come of Jamie, and Rob, and Wattie?—they were about my age, and I knew them better than the others of your family." "Thank ye for speering, sir; is it possible that ye kenn'd sae mony o' my callants? I'm really greatly obliged to ye; but, as I was saying, I'm rather at a loss." I told him who I was, and he proceeded. "Weel, sir, I'm very glad to see ye, and I'm as glad to tell ye that my family are a' weel, the last time I heard o' them; there are nae o' them at hame noo; it's lang sin' they gaed away, ane by ane, and I've naebody wi' me i' the house but the auld woman." "Why, where have they all gone to?" I inquired. "Ou, ye see, sir, there's Tam, he was the auldest—ye didna ken him, though—he listed in the 42d regiment, and was sae lang away somewhere, that we thought we had lost him; at length we got a letter, that tell'd us that he had first been made a corporal and then a sergeant, but that he had been greatly wounded, lost an ee or something, at the battle o' Waterloo, an' that he got his discharge; however, he said he wasna comin' hame, for that he had married a decent woman that kept a hotel in Brussels; and sae there he is noo; he's very mindfu', and often sends to us. As for Jamie, he is now in Canada. He was bred a mason, and was thought gayo guid at his trade. He had a turn for carving, and cut a headstone in the kirkyard, that was set up for the auld minister by the parishioners. But what could he do here?—there's nae buildin' worth speakin' o'; sae he gaed into Edinburgh when the trade was at the briskest, in the year twenty-four. Next year, however, cam the great dullness, and he was laid aff wi' mony ane besides. At length government advertesed for masons to gang out to Canada, to build the locks and things o' that kind on the Ottawa canal; and sae ye see Jamie jumpit at the offer, like a cock at a grosset, and aff he set to Greenock. He wasna lang o' gettin' to Canada, and there he is, when last I heard o' him." "And doing well, I hope," said I. "Ou," continued the old man, "as for that, I'm no feared. He tells me in his last letter that he is now appointed manager o' the works, and has a capital house, wi' rowth o' a' thing." "I like to hear such good news of Jamie," I observed, in order to carry on the narrative of the family's dispersal; "you must now inform me of Rob and Wattie." "I'll do that, sir; that's easy done. Baith Rob and Wattie are in Van Dieman's Land, a place clean on the other side o' the world, as I understand, but a fine country for a' that. The ane gaed out before the other. Wattie he gaed out first. He was brought up a wright; made ploughs and harrows, and sic-like things for country work. Weel, ye see, after he had served his apprenticeship near hand in the village, he got employment in Leith frae the Mortons, the great agricultural implement makers. He hadna been there ower twa years at maist, when an order cam frae the governor o' Van Dieman's Land, to send out some harrows and ploughs, and a pair o' the new kind o' fanners, and nae less than a complete threshin' mill. They were also, that's the Mortons, to send out a clever steady man that understood the makin' and mendin' o' machinery. Weel, a' that was gane through; they sent a' the things that were wanted; and what did they do but make an offer to Wattie to gang out wi' them? Wattie wasna very fond o' the job at first; but they got him coaxed ower to gang, telling him that he would get on famously under the governor; and sae, to mak a lang tale short, he at length consented, and after comin' out here to bid us farewell, he sailed frae Leith in a vessel for Hobart Town. He was soon greatly taken notice o' by Captain Mac—something, I forget his name, but he was the governor's secretary, at ony rate, and got Wattie appointed to a first-rate situation in the agricultural line. Wattie liket the place sae weel that he sent for Rob, who was hingin' about at hame, no doing muckle for himsel' or ony body else; and sae he set off too, and by Wattie's assistance has begun the farming way, and I believe he's doing no that amiss."

Here my old acquaintance paused, thinking perhaps that he had told me enough, and that it was now my turn to answer a few of his questions; however, I still had something to ask. "But, Robert," said I, "you had a daughter—Jean, I think; is she gone away from you too?" "That's true, sir; Jean's away too; she was

first in service up by the Hall; frae that she was married by Simmie Robison, the farmer o' the Park Neuk, but afterwards they gaed into the Lowdens, and hae a bit guid downsitin' at a place called the Cleugh; their bairns sometimes come and see us in the vacations, and there's ane o' them, a stout callant, that's already speakin' o' gaun out either to his uncle Jamie in Canada, or Wattie in Van Dieman's Land." "I see," said I, "your family have all a roving turn—don't like to stay much where they were born." "Stay where they were born!" exclaimed the old hearty Scot, with a smile on his weather-beaten countenance, and a spirit flashing through his watery though undimmed eyes. "Stay where they were born! that would be a set o'; what in all the world would they do here? there's no work for the half of the folk in the place; every ane idler than another. If they were to stay at hame, I doubt it would turn out a pair business; and if they married, it would be naething less wi' them than the cat lickin' the dog's mouth, and the mouse in the press wi' the tear in its ee. Na, na, that would never do; they maun gang where there's bread to be got for the winning."

"Well, but," I remarked, "I hope they have not all left you and their mother without doing something for you in your old age. I think they might at least have saved you from going out as a labourer on the roadside." "That's very mindfu' o' you to say sae," replied my friend of the hammer; "my sons have a' as guid as tell'd me they wadna see me come to a strait, and they now and then send me a bit remembrance. It was only the other day that Wattie sent his mother a real India silk gown, and me an order on the bank for five pounds, which I got every farthing. But, ye ken, we dinna need muckle to keep us; we have aye the pickle tattie and the kail yard, and the cow; and as lang as I am yable to do a day's work, Mr Thompson has promised to gie me stanes to break; and that's a job that does unco weel for me, for I can tak my leisure, and gang and come when I like." "And how much do you get for breaking these stones?" I asked. "I'll tell ye what I get—just sixteen for the square yard." "Do you mean sixteen shillings?" "Na! sixteen shillings! that was be a payment; I get sixteen pence, and it's weel-paid siller." "And how long do you take to break a square yard?" "Why, ye see, that depends on the weather; I daurna come out on wat days for the pains; I've haen a kind o' rackit back for fifteen years, come handsel Monday; I got it liftin' a lade o' meal on to a cart at the mill; sae I maun tak things canny, ye see; if I mak sixpence a day, I think I do no ill i' the main." "Well, Robert, I see you have got the good old Scotch spunk in you, and wont be a burden to any one, as long as you can keep your head above water." So saying, and after a little more chat between us, I left the old man to his humble but honourable labours.

Robert's family history is quite a sample of what one may hear at every step in Scotland. There is a universal migratory spirit in the people, who, though as warmly attached to their native country as the English can be to theirs, do not in general scruple to abandon that native country for ever. This national trait has frequently been the subject of remark, but has never yet been fully accounted for. It arises from various causes. The chief reason is, undoubtedly, the inability of the country to afford scope for the industry of all the population it produces. But this is by no means peculiar to Scotland. There are hundreds of other countries equally incapable of supporting all their inhabitants in comfort, and yet we do not hear of the migratory spirit existing in them to any great extent. Is it, then, any way attributable to the absence of a poor-law? A good deal owing to this, but not altogether, because other countries similarly situated have no poor-law, and yet the people do not care for bettering their condition by removal. The absence of a law to compel the rich to support the able-bodied poor, has been of considerable benefit to the Scotch. It has prevented the people from entertaining the most distant notion of being ever supported by public contribution. Their thoughts have therefore been turned entirely into a healthy channel—that of self-dependence. From the dawn of boyhood, they have been compelled to look forward to the possibility of their removal to a new scene of exertion. We remember once conversing with a gentleman, who told us he had endeavoured to procure a number of operative English cloth-manufacturers for an establishment he had begun in Scotland, but without avail. He had offered them higher wages than they were at the time getting; but they would not be tempted. "What!" said they, "do you think we will run the risk of losing our parish?" The argument was unanswerable. As the Scotchman has no parish, in the English sense of the word, he is not afraid of losing any thing by going abroad.

The emigration of so many young men from the country, has both its advantages and its disadvantages. Among the most obvious of its disadvantages, is the inequality produced in the number of the sexes at home. Of young women of the trading and professional classes, in country towns, there are usually ten for one of young men; and the consequence necessarily is, that a great number of the young women of those classes are either never married at all, or only married late in life to persons still older than themselves, in many instances to individuals who have returned from abroad with competencies. Of the advantages, on the other hand, we may reckon, in the

first place, the fulfilment of the purposes of commerce, and, in a certain degree, of those of emigration also. Distant countries are improved by the incoming of so many members of a civilised and educated race. If these countries do not ultimately benefit by the settling of the strangers, their original country at least profits by their return. When they come back to the British shores, it is usually with an independency, which they desire to enjoy in the bosoms of their families, amidst the scenes of their boyhood. They either purchase the property of spendthrift rank, or create new residences for themselves; and hence it is in no small measure to this class, that we are indebted for so large and useful a body of resident gentry. Nor must it be overlooked that these roamers, during the days of their pilgrimage, do much good to the friends whom they have left behind. A Scotsman is not only the most disposed of all men to travel or emigrate, but he is the most unchangeable of all men during his absence from his native seat. He never forgets the place of his birth, his old schoolmaster, his mother, his father, his sisters, the friend who helped him off upon his cruise, or any thing else that has once entered his affections, or become to him a habit of feeling. Usually, fortune has no sooner begun to shed her courted light upon his path, than he endeavours to reflect a portion of it back upon the modest household and perhaps poverty-chilled hearth, where he knows that kind hearts are beating for him. Many is the family in old Scotland, whose reduced circumstances are only redeemed from bitterness, by the generosity of the "callant" who went away almost penniless from them a few years ago, and whose loadstar in all his wanderings is still the parlour in which they daily assemble, and over whose fire-place there hangs a little black portrait of him, more prized and admired than any thing else in the house. Thus to recollect and cherish their relatives, is the rule amongst the numerous Scotch scattered over the world: there are of course exceptions, but they are not numerous. If, in the wanderings of the present sheet—for it, too, like every thing Scotch, wanders—the sentences we have just penned should fall beneath the eye of any one who feels that they do not apply to him, may we hope that they will not be without avail in awaking an affectionate remembrance of a home where he can never be forgot, and in prompting that succour to his less fortunate friends, which so many of his countrymen are proud and happy to render?

LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

THIS lady is certainly one of the most remarkable women now living. Lady Esther (sometimes spelt Hester) Stanhope is a daughter of the late eccentric Earl of Stanhope, and a niece of the second William Pitt, who was strongly attached to her, and under whose eye she was chiefly brought up. This distinguished statesman died shortly after his young relative had attained to womanhood. Lady Esther deeply deplored the loss; and after its occurrence (in 1806), left England, to travel over Europe. Being young, handsome, of high birth, and possessed of a large independent fortune, she was courted every where with all the eagerness which rank, wealth, wit, and beauty, seldom fail to attract, but no matrimonial overtures, however eligible might be the parties from whom they came, made the desired impression on the mind of Lady Esther. It has been said, indeed, that she had an attachment—and of the strongest kind—its object being a young English officer, who fell in the war at that time raging in the Peninsula. But this, as far as we know, is only a conjecture, and the true motives of the lady for remaining single, as well as for other steps of an extraordinary kind which she took, must be held as altogether unknown, unless we regard the peculiarities of her disposition as a sufficient explanation of all.

After spending several years in the chief capitals of Christian Europe, Lady Esther embarked with a numerous retinue for Constantinople, where she took up her abode for the space of two or three years. The glimpse of Asiatic manners and customs which she thus obtained, seems only to have fostered that passionate love of the East, which was the ruling sentiment of her romantic, bold, and enterprising mind. From Constantinople she set sail for Syria, in an English vessel, laden with a great part of her fortune, in money, jewels, and other portable articles of value. Unfortunately the vessel was wrecked on the coast of Caramania, opposite the island of Rhodes, and the whole of Lady Esther's property went to the bottom of the sea. She barely escaped with life, being carried on a portion of the wreck ashore, where she passed twenty-four hours without food or help of any kind, on a small desert island. A party of fishermen at last found her, and conveyed her to Rhodes, where her difficulties were relieved by the English consul.

This misfortune did not for a moment check the

love of adventure in the mind of Lady Esther, or cause her to depart from her purpose. As soon as possible, she proceeded to England, collected the remains of her fortune, and, after placing a portion of it in the funds, embarked with all the rest in another vessel, with which she set sail for the coast of Syria. She landed at Iatania (the ancient Laodicea), and at this place took up her residence for a time, with the view of learning the Arab language, and of taking other steps preparatory to the commencement of exploring journeys into the most inaccessible parts of Arabia, of Mesopotamia, and of the Desert. While prosecuting these initiatory measures, Lady Esther entered into free and frequent intercourse with all who were calculated to give her either counsel or aid in the execution of her enterprise.

These proceedings and projects, on the part of a young, delicately nurtured, and beautiful female, exhibit, it must be admitted, a spirit and temperament of no ordinary kind. Lady Esther did not fail or shrink at the difficulties attending the accomplishment of her proposed journeys became more obvious, and better understood by her. After being thoroughly familiarised with the language, costume, manners, and usages of the country, she organised a numerous caravan, and loaded a great number of camels with rich presents destined for the Arab chiefs and their tribes. With this caravan she visited all parts of Syria, and sojourned, at various times, at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Homs, Balbec, and Palmyra. The French poet and traveller, Lamartine (to whose account of Lady Esther, drawn up from a personal visit, we are indebted on the present occasion), relates that, "at Palmyra, the numerous tribes of wandering Arabs who had facilitated her approach to that city's ruins, assembled round her tent, to the number of forty or fifty thousand, and, charmed with her beauty, her grace, and her splendour, proclaimed her QUEEN OF PALMYRA, and delivered firmans (missives or credentials) into her hands, by which it was agreed that every European to whom she might deign to grant a protection, should be allowed to visit in perfect security the desert and ruins of Balbec and Palmyra, provided he pledged himself to the payment of a thousand piastres as a tribute. This treaty is still in existence, and would be most faithfully respected by the Arabs, if they were satisfied of Lady Esther's protection having been in any case obtained."

In returning from Palmyra, Lady Esther showed her power of sustaining personal fatigue, by executing, along with her caravan, a forced march of twenty-four hours, during which they passed over an immense extent of desert, pursued by a party of Arabs hostile to those of Palmyra. Through the great speed of Lady Esther's horses, the caravan escaped. She went afterwards to Damascus, where she received the utmost attention from the Pacha, to whom the court of Constantinople had recommended her. Many were the wanderings of Lady Esther in the countries of the East, subsequently to this period; but, finally, she settled in the Pachalik of St Jean d'Acre. Her chosen place of abode was a convent and village called Dgioun, inhabited by Druses (a particular branch of the Syrian population), and situated in an almost inaccessible solitude on one of the mountains of Lebanon. "Here (says M. Lamartine) she built several houses, and surrounded them by a wall of enclosure, resembling our fortifications of the middle ages; formed an artificial garden in the Turkish fashion, containing within its limits a pasture-field, an orchard, a bower made of vines, kiosques embellished with Arabian sculptures and paintings, water running through marble conduits, water-spouts in the centre of the pavement of the kiosques, and arches formed of orange, fig, and lemon trees. Lady Stanhope lived here during many years in oriental splendour, surrounded by a concourse of Arab or European dragoons, of female attendants, and of black servants, and holding frequent intercourse with the Emirs, Pachas, and particularly with the Arab chiefs of the desert around."

Alas, that this revival of the romance of Arabia should not have been permanent! Alas, that this new queen of Tadmor should have had her desert throne shaken by sad adversity! Such was the case. The fixed portion of Lady Esther's funds—that part from which her annual income was chiefly derived—had been placed by her, as has been said, in the British funds. Owing to her own absence, and to other causes, we regret to have heard, not very honourable to those in whom this interesting lady trusted, she was deprived of a great part of her fortune. From the period of that loss up to the present time, she has lived in almost absolute solitude. But misfortune did not in the slightest degree bow her spirit. "This was the occasion (says M. Lamartine) on which she displayed the energy, and the firm and lofty determination, of her heroic character. She never dreamed for an instant of retracing her steps; she bestowed not a regret upon the world or the past; she did not shrink at the thought of her forlorn condition, or of her misfortune, or at the prospect of old age, and of being utterly forgot; she remained the solitary being she yet is." A few female negroes and black children, with an Arab peasant or two to work in the garden, are now her sole attendants. Though much of her influence over the Arabs ceased with her ability to make

them continual presents, the name of Lady Esther Stanhope is still held in veneration over the East.

We have purposely refrained from entering into details relative to the character and mental peculiarities of the personage who has chosen for herself a way of life so widely different from that which those of her sex and her rank usually prefer and pursue. M. Lamartine's visit to her residence will supply us with these details in a collected form. On reaching the district of Lebanon, the French traveller wrote to Lady Esther, requesting the honour of an interview. It was at once granted, though scarcely expected, as the recluse generally declines the visits of Europeans. M. Lamartine found her house to be rather a cluster of cottages than one building. He was hospitably entertained on his arrival, and when three o'clock came—her usual hour for seeing visitors—he was introduced by a little negro girl to the cabinet of Lady Esther. "It was so extremely dark, that it was with difficulty I could distinguish her noble, grave, yet mild and majestic features, clad in an oriental costume. She rose from the divan, advanced, and offered me her hand. Lady Esther appears to be about fifty years of age, but she possesses those personal traits which years cannot alter: freshness, colour, and grace, depart with youth; but when beauty resides in the form itself, in purity of expression, in dignity, in majesty, and a thoughtful countenance, whether in man or woman, this beauty may change with the different periods of life, but it does not pass away—it eminently characterises the person of Lady Esther Stanhope."

She wore a white turban, and on her forehead was a purple-coloured woollen fillet, which fell on each side of her head as low as her shoulders. A long yellow cashmere shawl, and an immense Turkish robe of white silk, with flowing sleeves, enveloped all her person in simple and majestic folds, while an opening of these folds upon the bosom, displayed a second tunic of rich Persian stuff, covered with flowers, which was attached round the neck by a clasp of pearls. Turkish yellow morocco boots, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful oriental costume, which she wore with that freedom and grace, as if she had never used any other from her youth."

Scarcely had M. Lamartine been a few minutes in Lady Esther's presence, when the most remarkable feature in her character came into view—her belief, to-wit, in the influence of the stars upon human affairs; and her supposition, also, that she had discovered the power of reading their language. She proved, in fact, to be a pure-minded visionary, enthusiastic in her hopes for man's future good, and without possessed of an intellect naturally clear, lofty, and vigorous. Her creed of divination, as shown in the following sentence, appears to be a compound of orientalism and Lavaterism. "There is a science at present lost in your Europe—I possess it—I read in the stars—we are all children of some one of those celestial fires which presided at our birth, and of which the happy or malignant influence is written in our eyes, on our forehead, in our fortunes, in the lines of our hands, in the form of our feet, in our gesture, in our walk. I have only seen you for a few minutes, yet you are known to me as well as if I had lived an age with you." Lady Esther did indeed make a good guess at the character of her guest. She knew not his name, and, even if she had, that would have told her nothing, for she never read books. The only thing she did know was, that he could write a very civil letter; yet she said, within a quarter of an hour after having first seen him, "You must be a poet." After a conversation, in which she showed the liveliest powers of fancy, a black slave entered, prostrated himself on the carpet, and said, "Go; dinner is served; dine quickly, and return soon. I will study you, and endeavour to see more clearly than in the first confusion of my ideas, into your person and future destiny (through the stars). As for me, I never eat with any one: I live very abstemiously; a little bread and fruit, when I feel hungry, are all I take; but I must not subject my guest to such a regimen." When M. Lamartine had dined, he returned to Lady Esther, and found her smoking a long oriental pipe, in a nonchalant and graceful attitude, after the fashion of ladies in the East. The conversation again turned on the favourite subject—"on the unique and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman—this modern magician—this Circe of the desert—who fully reminded me of the most celebrated magis of antiquity."

The traveller took an opportunity of testing Lady Esther's powers of divination, by inquiring her opinions relative to certain individuals whom he knew to have visited her, and he declares her judgments to have been in most cases wonderfully correct, though she knew these personages only by name. He remarks finally, respecting Lady Esther's character, "I felt that no string was wanting to this lofty and vigorous mind; that all the stops of the instrument gave a correct, full, and powerful sound, excepting, perhaps, the metaphysical chord, which too great a stretch, too solitary a life, had forced or raised to a tone far too elevated for human understanding." In parting with M. Lamartine, Lady Esther observed, in the mystical manner which has become natural to her, "We must not bid each other farewell; we shall often meet on this journey, and oftener still in future journeys, which you do not even contemplate at present."

The visit of the French poet to Syria took place only five years ago. The extraordinary being whom he saw and described still lives, and in the same position in which he found her. Whatever our readers may think of the odd points in her character, of her astrological fancies, and her visionary anticipations, we are sure they will admit that there is much of deep interest in the strange career of the new Queen of Palmyra, Lady Esther Stanhope.

JOHNSON'S ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.

ONE of the latest accounts which has been given of an ascent of Mount Etna, is that of Sidney L. Johnson, a gentleman filling the situation of teacher on board one of the vessels of the United States Squadron in the Mediterranean. Mount Etna, as our readers are fully aware, is a volcanic mountain in the island of Sicily, near the southern coast of Italy. It has been frequently visited by travellers, who have given descriptions of its appearance; but as it is continually changing its external features from the effects of eruptions from its crater or mouth, it may be interesting to learn in what condition it recently appeared. The following is Mr Johnson's account, in an abridged form:—

"A wish to ascend Mount Etna was at first the chief motive of our visit to Catania; but before departure, our hopes of reaching the summit were somewhat diminished. Since the snow fell, several parties had attempted it, but all without success. We often gazed upon it from our ships in the harbour of Syracuse, where it presented the singular appearance of a perfect cone of snow of astounding size, to whose dazzling whiteness, the vertex, tipped with black and tufted with a graceful plume of smoke, afforded the only relief. From the more commanding heights of Epipolæ, we could trace the sides lower down; the skirts of the snow were dappled with the naked patches of dark rock, then disappeared, and the broad green base presented a cheerful contrast to the cold and glittering summit."

Our arrangements were made for riding up as far as Nicolosi, on the 22d of February. Abbate, our landlord, had provided every necessary refreshment; and with a due supply of extra clothing, we mounted, and were in motion by 4 P. M. Our party consisted of four, and was guided to the resting-place for the night by our humorous and obliging host. A few steps brought us from the hotel in the Corso, to the Strada Etnea. These are the two finest streets of Catania, the former stretching from the sea to the west, quite through the city; the latter cutting it at right angles, and running towards the mountain from which it is named. As we turned the corner into this street, it seemed to extend nearly the whole of the route which we were to take, that is, to a distance of thirty miles, and with a continuous ascent, to the elevation of ten thousand feet.

Sallying from the city, by a cottage delightfully situated at the extremity of the street, we followed, for the first six miles, the new and excellent carriage road leading to Messina. We passed through a toll-gate, and it struck me as the first I had seen out of my own country. Two or three villages skirted the first part of the way with houses, and these, with the fields and vineyards, evinced a more thriving and happy population than we had noticed elsewhere in Sicily. Shortly after leaving the city, Abbate told us we were passing over the port of Ulysses. It had been completely filled up by lava at an unknown period; that of Catania, on the other hand, owes its formation to the eruption of 1669. We dismounted, and went a short distance from the road, to see an extinct crater. It must be a very ancient one; it presented the appearance of an irregular bowl, not more than two rods in diameter at the brim, and with a small jagged orifice at the bottom; stones were dropped into this, and the sounds indicated frequent collision with the sides of the cavity, and but a trifling perpendicular descent.

About six o'clock we reached the village of Nicolosi, after an up-hill ride of twelve miles; and in an inn at this place we staid during the night. Between two and three o'clock in the morning, the faithful Abbate aroused us with the news that every thing was favourable, that the night was clear and calm, and that a bright moon would aid us in riding over the broken lava. In midwinter it is all important to regard the state of the weather in ascending Etna. A high wind and drifting clouds of snow render the attempt always futile, and often dangerous. Having partaken of an excellent cup of hot coffee, and bundled ourselves well with coats and cloaks, caps and moccasins, we mounted, and by half past three our mules were moving slowly to the hearty thwacks upon their hides from the muleteers' cudgels. Two guides accompanied us, to enable any of the party to return, if necessary, without frustrating the rest. By the light of the moon we could see that our road was over dark scoræ, or fragments of lava. On entering the Bosco, or wooded region, small patches of snow began to appear, which rapidly increased in number and extent until they formed one continuous sheet. Our mules were soon floundering in it, and at six o'clock we were forced to dismount. The thermometer stood at 23 degrees. Half an hour's walk on the crust of the snow brought us to the solitary hut called the 'casa della neve.' The smoke was issuing in volumes through the door and numerous apertures in the roof. A peasant from Nicolosi had kindled a fire before our arrival.

We stopped but a few moments outside the 'casa della neve,' for the smoke precluded our entering it, and we did not wish to breakfast; so, throwing off our

cloaks, with a roll of bread in our pockets, and more substantial fare in the knapsacks of our guides, we advanced, and sallying from the Bosco, saw the sun, then apparently about half an hour high. The thermometer at the 'casa della neve' was at 27 degrees, but it rose, from the effect of the sun as we ascended, to above 32 degrees.

Between nine and ten o'clock, Dr H. was obliged to return with one of our guides; with the other we proceeded until we reached a stone pile of a pyramidal form, distant one hour and a quarter from a place called the English house, which the guide now described before us. The ascent was here peculiarly laborious. A hard and slippery crust on the snow, together with the acclivity of the mountain, obliged us to turn our feet outward, and stamp firmly with the inner edge of the sole of our boots, in order to make some footing; this was excessively painful, particularly to the ankle joints: in some places, on the other hand, the snow was soft, and lifting the foot from its deep bed to take another step was the most trying part of the labour; it was a pain caused by this which had exhausted the doctor. We halted to rest our limbs, and to enjoy the prospect, which was increasing in grandeur with every step. Several times we threw ourselves at full length on the snow, and felt in all its luxury that exquisite sensation of pleasure which attends the rapid recovery of the body from the fatigue of intense exertion. We rose above the level of Mount Agnola, which we left to the right, and at ten minutes before noon reached the English house, which was so buried in snow that we could not enter it, although we had obtained the keys for that purpose.

We here saw ourselves far above points, which, when we issued from the Bosco, appeared but little below the summit. The side of the mountain is covered with conical protuberances, whose hollow tops prove them to be the craters or vents of some previous eruptions. The snow was broken, in some few places, by black jutting rocks of lava. Our guides pointed out several wolf tracks, and one of a hare. At a quarter past twelve, we started to ascend the cone, between which and the English house, was a space nearly level; on the other side of it, the snow which we had seen sprinkled with ashes some time before, now became dirty, soon black; and after ascending the cone a little way, we succeeded by loose stones and cinders. From these, a hot, sulphurous, suffocating vapour, was steaming; our feet soon felt the change, and from being very cold became very warm. The ascent was steep, and peculiarly difficult, from the loose stones and cinders yielding under the feet; the vapour moreover was so dense that we could see but a short distance. The wind was from the north-east, and by moving a little in that direction we were partially relieved from the fumes. We were infinitely relieved, soon after, by seeing the desired point but a short distance above us. Another struggle, and we were on the summit of Mount Etna, at half past one o'clock on the 23d of February. My fatigue vanished. I felt a glow of satisfaction from the simple attainment of my object, before I had time to look around for any other reward.

The crater first attracted my attention; we stood on a point to the north and east of it, in the best situation to view it, as the wind was northerly, and carried away from us the clouds of vapour. Its form is very much altered within a few years by the ejection of scorias and other matter; and the highest point of the mountain, where we then stood, occupies the centre of the old crater. Volumes of steam, smoke, and ashes, were constantly pouring forth from the chasm; the eye sought in vain to fathom its depth, and the last sound of the fragments of lava thrown down indicated that they were still in motion towards their former bed of fire. There was no flame visible, but the vapour and the ground on which we stood were very hot, although the air was so cold that the thermometer held in it, breast high, sunk to a little below 22 degrees Fahrenheit. The vapour was strongly impregnated with sulphur, and fine crystals of the same coated the fragments of lava and other volcanic substances where we stood. The whole surface of the cone consisted of these loose and crumbling materials, and gases seemed to issue from every part, as if the whole were porous. We picked up several specimens for our guide to bring down.

But our eyes were wandering from these more immediate observations to the magnificent panorama which the isolated situation of the peak renders peculiarly grand and entire. On every side, except in the direction of Italy, the view was bounded by sea and sky. The base of Etna floated in the lower hemisphere, but its apex soared far into the regions of the upper, and on it one might almost fancy the heavens nearer than the earth, and wish to start from such vantage ground, on his flight to another world. Sicily was reduced to a map which we could study far beneath us. Almost under our feet, lay Catania, and the villages which sprinkled the mountain's base. Farther off to the south, Augusta and Magnesia jutted out into the sea, and beyond were distinctly seen Ortygia and Plemmyrium, and the black specks in the beautiful round basin of Syracuse we knew to be the ships of our squadron. The eye wandered on to Cape Passaro, and following the course of Æneas's fleet by the Gelan fields and Agrigentum, rested on the blue sea beyond Lilybeum and Mount Eryx.

Unfortunately we had left behind our ship telescope, and the small one which was politely loaned us by

Signor Gemmellaro, would hardly compensate for longer stay in the freezing air and burning cinders of the 'Sommo Cratere.'

A few minutes before two, we began our descent. The philosopher's tower was pointed out on the left of the English house; tradition says that it was built by Empedocles, and thence received its present name. At a quarter past two P. M. we were at the English house. An immense, rich-looking cloud, of a whitish colour, lay far below us, floating like a canopy over Catania and its plain: it seemed to have gathered while we were busy in our observations on the crater or more distant objects, or rather to have become developed in the atmosphere almost instantaneously. Stopping a few minutes to enjoy this novel and magnificent sight, we refreshed ourselves with a modicum of wine, and descended to the 'casa della neve,' in less than an hour, over what had cost us six of the most painful exertion in the ascent.

A motion so rapid, and yet so easy, I never achieved on my own legs before, for so great a distance; we rather bounded than ran down. The snow had become so softened by the sun that we sunk at every step, but only enough in most cases to enable us to check and regulate the speed which gravity created. If our feet were plunged too deeply, head and shoulders were equally so, with a jerk which threatened to snap the knee joints, and we stuck like a raspberry vine planted at both ends. A slip was less dangerous, as it did not stop our momentum all at once, nor until we had first ploughed a handsome furrow in the snow. Notwithstanding these mishaps, nothing could be more exhilarating than the leaps by which we descended to the common level of mankind.

We found the doctor philosophically consoling himself for the unseen wonders of the crater, over a bright fire in the snow house, which was kept blazing and crackling by the trees of the Bosco. Our horses being found farther on, we lost no time in regaining our inn at Nicolosi. Here, although fatigue and hunger counselled us to stop, yet we chose rather to bear them two or three hours longer, than to try again the miserable pallets of the night before. We therefore, with as little delay as possible, resumed our route to Catania, and arrived there at nine o'clock. Though we had eaten nothing during the day but a spare breakfast, yet repose was demanded more imperiously than food; a generous supper awaited our return, but swallowing only some warm broth, we left every thing to throw ourselves into that sweet oblivion which could alone restore us."

THE NEW KIND OF STEAM-ENGINE.

We feel that we should not be consulting the public benefit, if we remained longer silent on the subject of a recently invented steam-engine, which in all likelihood will soon supersede to a certain extent the employment of the ordinary steam-engines now in use. The machine to which we refer has already perhaps become known to a number of our readers, as it has been described in one or two Edinburgh newspapers, but as thousands cannot have seen any account of it, we propose to offer a description of its appearance and character, from a personal inspection of it in full operation.

Every body has seen a steam-engine of the ordinary description. The steam rushes from a boiler to a cylinder, where it forces a piston to rise and fall; this piston, by means of an external rod, works a beam, which beam turns a crank, and a belt from a pulley at the crank moves the machinery. In this process, it will be perceived that an up-and-down motion is first produced, and that this motion is transformed into a rotary or circular motion by the agency of the crank. The process, as perfected by Watt and his successors, is exceedingly beautiful. It is a wonderful triumph of human skill over inanimate matter. But unfortunately it is far from being simple. The apparatus consists of many parts, which require exact adjustment, and great care in superintending, both which circumstances are resolvable into one, namely, considerable expense. We should like much to know if Watt ever conceived the idea of causing steam from the boiler to give at once rotary motion. It is likely enough that his comprehensive intellect did not omit to grapple with such an idea, but that he dismissed it as a thing altogether impossible. Like other great discoverers and improvers of machinery, Watt appears to have stuck to one leading principle, and addressed his whole mighty genius to the prosecution of that principle, to the exclusion of every other. Be this as it may, the time came when the idea of procuring rotary motion without the intervention of an up-and-down motion, was not only entertained, but vigorously prosecuted. The practical discoverer of this new and simple principle, we believe, was an American of the name of Avery; at least it was in the United States that the principle was first brought into actual operation for any useful purpose, and therefore to the Americans the honour of the invention belongs. From America the invention has been brought to this country, where it has been made the object of a patent, and is now brought into operation in the workshop of Mr John Ruthven, machine-maker in Edinburgh.

The first time we saw the rotary-movement principle

exemplified, was in Mr Ruthven's premises, about twelve months ago, when a working model was exhibited for our inspection. We readily perceived that the principle was unexceptionable; but knowing how many inventions, which look well in models, come to nought when brought to a state of practical working, we postponed giving any decisive opinion on the merits of the performance, till we saw one of the engines in question doing duty as a good engine is expected to do. The interval of twelve months has been employed by Mr Ruthven and his son in fitting up a rotary engine; and this having been lately completed and set a-going, we again visited the spot a few days ago, and had ocular demonstration of the effective power of the apparatus.

The steam is generated in the usual manner in a boiler, whence it rushes through a tube to a thing which we may call a wheel of only two arms, formed of hollow metal, into which it enters through a central axle. Let any gentleman poise his walking-cane on his finger at the centre, and then whirl the stick about like a wheel, and he will have an idea of the apparatus we speak of. The arms, we say, are formed of hollow metal, somewhat like the iron sheath of a dragon's sword, to which they bear a resemblance in length, breadth, and thickness. There is a communication between the interior of the arms and their axle, which is also hollow; and it is through this hollow axle, as already mentioned, that the steam rushes from the boiler. At the outer end of each arm, quite in the corner, there is a small aperture, hardly larger than that which might be made by a good-sized needle. The steam which is admitted at the central axle, rushes along the arms, and causes their revolution. The principle of the motion, as we understand it, is as follows:—If there were no apertures in the arms, the arms would remain in equilibrium, because the pressure of steam is uniform on all points of the inner surface. But when apertures are made, the equality of pressure is lost; in other words, there is no pressure on the apertures, while the pressure at every other point remains. Hence the arms are propelled round in a direction opposite to that on which the apertures are made. The velocity of the motion is incalculable, something like sixty revolutions in a second, which is a rapidity too great for the human mind to investigate. The end of the axle opposite to that by which the steam is admitted, has a belt playing upon it, and by this belt any kind of mechanism may be turned.

Such is the principle of action of this new species of steam-engine. Nothing could possibly be more simple. Cylinders, pistons, beams, shafts, cranks, fly-wheels, governors, air-pumps, valves, and so forth, are all done away with. The whole of Watt's splendid inventions are as good as thrown overboard. The effect of the apparatus performing its thousands of revolutions in a minute, is, however, not very striking at a first external view. For the sake of security, and to avoid loss of power from atmospheric resistance, the arms work in a case of iron, and are not seen. The case may measure from four to five feet in diameter, and about ten or twelve inches in thickness. The steam cools and condenses into water in the bottom of this case, whence it flows into a tube, and from the tube it is pumped in a warm state into the boiler, to make new steam. A small pump wrought by the belt readily effects this process. If need be, the waste steam may be employed for various useful purposes about a house or manufacturing establishment.

Mr Ruthven's engine, working in the manner we mention, is, we understand, about fifteen horses' power, and the principle admits of being employed in engines of all sizes, though most advantageously suited for large engines. When we saw it, it was moving a number of turning-lathes for engineer work, which were going with perfect steadiness and firmness. Little else is required to enlarge the power than lengthening the revolving arms. According to a well-known law, the centrifugal force of a revolving mass increases in proportion to the distance from the centre of motion. Therefore, by adding to the length of the arms, we increase this powerful tendency, and the force could be rendered perfectly overpowering. An addition of a single inch to the length of the arms, would thus perhaps give several horses' power in addition, and at a very small increase of expense. Hence the suitability of the principle for large power, which could be produced at a comparatively small addition of expense over the smallest power.

A very important question remains.—What is the first cost and subsequent expense of supporting a rotary engine, in comparison with what is incurred for a good common piston engine? The first cost of a rotary engine of a large size is considerably less than a piston engine, but what the difference is, we are not informed; that, however, with other particulars, could be ascertained from Mr Ruthven, who executes orders with the cognisance of the patentee. The quantity of fuel required is also less. The chief advantage consists in the apparatus being so simple, that it requires no engineer to superintend it. There is no mystery in its action, no secrets to learn about valves and condensing cylinders. It may be put up anywhere, on a cart on a common road, for instance, and it will go without dislocation of parts. It will revolve either horizontally or vertically. In the United States, it is employed to turn saw-mills, grist-mills, and other heavy machinery, and also to move vehicles on railways. Mounted like a grinding-stone, or spinning-wheel case, on the top of a locomotive boiler, it acts as

a tug to a number of vehicles behind, the same as is done by our locomotive engines, but in an infinitely cheaper and easier manner.

How far the rotary steam-engine will come into use, we are unable to say. Judging from our own impressions, we conclude that it will not entirely supersede ordinary engines, particularly those of a small size; neither do we think it likely that persons having good engines now at work, will abandon them, and employ that with the rotary movement instead. In the present well-established state of the piston engine, it will keep its ground against foreign invention, even although it could be satisfactorily proved that the rotary engine works as well, and effects a large saving in expense. In all cases of this nature, there are powerful interests which oppose improvements calculated to effect them; and it is not until public opinion, in a manner, forces these interests to give way, that the improvement is recognised and established. We nevertheless feel assured, that in spite of all opposition, the rotary engine will forthwith begin to make its way in the country, and be applied as a moving agent in many cases in which human labour, and horse and water power, have hitherto been engaged. It seems exceedingly suitable for thrashing and grinding in farming operations; because it may be as easily managed as a water-wheel, and at the same time will furnish steam and hot water for preparing the food of cattle. For sawing timber, lifting water from mines, moving paper-making machinery, and other processes, it seems equally well adapted.

Having now fairly brought the subject before the public, we leave parties who may be interested in it to make their own inspection and inquiries, in order to satisfy themselves as to the eligibility of the improvement. We also take leave to suggest, that the patentee, if he expect any patronage for his engine, should lose no time in publishing an exact definition of its powers, its cost, its consumption of fuel, and other particulars necessary to be known.

THE ABERDEEN PROVOST.

ONCE upon a time it struck the good people of Aberdeen that it would not only add to their dignity, but also to their profit, that a West India ship should directly sail from their port to Jamaica. They had long looked with an envious eye upon the profits of the high-fed and punch-consuming bourgeois of Glasgow, and grudged them the accumulated treasures won from the successful navigation of the Atlantic. They considered within themselves that every pound of sugar which softened the tea of the fair, or seasoned the toddy of the sages of the city, paid an indirect tax to those rum-bibbing varlets, and they resolved in their own minds that this was a growing evil that must be abated; so, after much consultation, they formed the magnanimous resolution, that they should possess the means of supplying themselves with such outlandish luxuries as had added to the profit of the Glaswegianians. After many mature consultations, therefore, and a great consumption of thought and toddy, it was resolved that a ship should be built, manned, and equipped, to undertake a voyage (which they looked upon as in the last degree doubtful and dangerous) by a kind of joint-stock company, of which the provost patriotically consented to become the head.

Week after week and month after month passed away, and doubts and fears were hinted at, for the safety of "the boaty;" but still it came not. At last some murmurs were expressed by owners to the amount of ten pounds, that it would have been better to have allowed the men of Glasgow to have taken both the risks and profits of sugar and rum speculations, than for the decent and sober bourgeois of Aberdeen to have left the safe and profitable stock-trade with Holland, for any such outlandish speculation. At last, when hope had grown sick, the joyful tidings were spread that "the boaty" was safely moored, and all was as it should be. All the substantial, responsible men of the city, hastened on board, with the provost at their head, to behold with their own eyes a ship which had actually passed twice over the Atlantic; a feat to which Captain Parry's voyage now would seem the mere crossing of a ferry.

Captain Skene received them at the gangway with the gruff hospitality of a seaman, and heartily welcomed his owners on board. But what pen can describe the wonders that met their admiring eyes! There was a cocoa nut, husk and all—a head of Indian corn enveloped in its blades—a negro—a shark's jaw, with its triple row of teeth—a land tortoise—a turtle—a plantain to cure wounds—a centipede in a doctor's phial—a dolphin's tail—and a flying fish preserved in rum. When they had satiated their eyes in admiring these tropical wonders, they were summoned to a dinner in the cabin, rich with all the delicacies of a foreign voyage. There were the Chili pickles that made the eyes to water—the pine apple, which had lost every flavour save that of the spirits in which it had been preserved—the barbecued pig, and the sea pie of innumerable contents—with the terrapin baked in the shell, and the lobsters reeking from the coppers.

The provost never felt himself so great a man before. He was now on board of a trader which had visited foreign parts, and of which he was undoubtedly the principal owner. He had been the great means of introducing a new trade into his native city, and he was now in the full fruition of these gratifying reflections. He felt elated with a double portion of dignity, and was laying down the law with a relative portion of his usual solemnity, when he was most indecorously interrupted by a sudden and violent pulling at his pig-tail from behind. He looked round in wrath; but seeing his assailant was a sickly, weak-looking, dark-complexioned lad, who had skipped off the moment he was observed, and having compassion for his want of breeding, he rebuked him with mildness and dignity, and resumed the thread of his discourse. Scarcely had he done so, however, when the

attack was resumed; this was too much to be borne—he forgot in a moment both his age and his place, and exclaimed in peevish fretfulness, "Laddie, but gin you come that gait again, I'll put ye in the heart o' auld Aberdeen" (the jail). "What's the matter wi' ye, provost?" said the captain. "It is only that unchancy laddie o' yours," replied the provost, "has pu'd my tail as an' he wud tug it oot by the roots." "What laddie, provost?" cried the captain. "Why, that yin there wi' the rough mouth and the sair cen." "Laddie! bless you, provost, that's only a monkey we hae brocht wi' us," "A monkey ca' ye it?" said the astonished provost; "I thoct it was a sugar-maker's son frae the West Indies, come hame to our university for his education."—From the *Scotch Haggis*, a collection of Anecdotes.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

When first I met thee, Isabelle,
Scarce thirteen summers couldst thou tell
I saw thee, an endearing child,
Blooming and artless, frank and wild,
And loved to mark those features, gay
With mirth, and laugh, and frolic play,
That told how free from guile or care,
Was the pure infant spirit there.
I saw thy youth's fair opening rose
In lovely womanhood unclose;
Breathing o'er every childish charm
A shade more tender, yet more warm;
While from thy eyes, ere while so gay,
Sweet beams of feeling shot their ray.
Temp'ring the mirth that still would speak
In laughing glance and dimpled cheek.
And shrinking, in confusion sweet,
I saw thee led to take thy seat,
Midst all that fashion's gay parterre
Displayed of noble, and of fair—
Unconscious of thy beauty's blaze,
Nor seeking, nor expecting praise,
I thought thine artlessness, a charm
More potent than thy faultless form.
Few months have sped—yet now mine eye
Must undelighted pass thee by;
For all I loved has fled away
Like the morn's dewdrop from the spray,
Like snow wreath, from the sunny slope,
Like dreamer's visionary hope,
Like foam from rock and billow meeting,
Like all there is of bright and fleeting.
I've seen simplicity give place
To fashion's meretricious grace—
I've seen thee stoop to petty arts,
For triumph o'er unvalued hearts—
Envy, and vanity, and guile,
The secret springs of every smile,
While fearless confidence sits now
On that once blushing timid brow.
I've seen thee, Isabelle, thus changed—
Thus from thy better self estranged:
Time will flow on—and circling years
May alter all that now appears
As fruit succeeds the blossomed bough,
The vain coquet, so thoughtless now,
Time may mature to matron sense,
And bow to duty's influence.
And thy now careless glance may show
That sympathy in others' woe,
More winning far, than beauty's beaming,
But will the change be more than seeming?
Oh! never may that floweret bloom
Where once the canker-worm finds room!
And never may the once chilled breast
Of its first freshness be possessed.
Where self and interest hold their reign,
They forge a light but lasting chain;
And in its viewless fetters bind
Each impulse of the heart and mind.
The bearing then may change alone,
But all beneath it is their own!
Nor yield they, save to Power Divine,
Oh! Isabelle! may that be thine.

E. M. M.

HOMES OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

According to most travellers, there is no country in the world where the homes of the working classes are so comfortable as in England. Whether this may be the case or not, we shall not pretend to determine; but one thing must strike every one, that so far as a taste for the beautiful is concerned, there is still ample room for improvement. In the heart of a populous town little can be done, comparatively; but in the wide and rapidly extending suburbs, how many plots of ground do we see contiguous to dwelling-houses, which might, with a small outlay of labour and expense, be made to teem with beauty and fertility? And even among those who do cultivate a garden, there is still a very great want of taste. How often is the eye offended by an unsightly dead wall, or a decaying thorn edge, when these might easily be screened by some beautiful creeping plant! A few scarlet runners, for example, would very soon throw a verdurous mantle over them; and the eye, instead of resting with pain on dingy brick or gritty sandstone, might repose with pleasure on refreshing green leaves and bright scarlet blossoms. The cottages of the French and Swiss peasantry are said to be much more picturesque than those of the same class in England, but they are also said to be less comfortable. We think it possible to unite both comfort and beauty without any increase of expense, and we hope soon to see all classes learning the important truth, that beauty is useful.—*Gardeners' Gazette*.

TURKISH HONESTY.

An open gallery, extending along the whole of the northern side of the edifice [Solimanie, at Constantinople], is filled with chests of various sizes and descriptions, piled one on the other, and carefully marked; these chests contain treasure, principally in gold, silver, and jewels, to a vast amount, and are all the property of individuals, who, in the event of their leaving the country, family misunderstandings, or from other causes, require a place of safety in which to deposit their wealth. Each package being accurately described, and scrupulously secured, is received and registered at Solimanie by the proper authorities, and

there it remains intact and inviolate, despite national convulsions and ministerial changes. No event, however unexpected, or however extraordinary, is suffered to affect the sacredness of the trust; and no consideration of country, or of religion, militates against the admission of such deposits as may be tendered by persons anxious to secure their property against casualties. On one side may be seen the fortune of an orphan confided to the keeping of the directors of the institution during his minority; on the other, the capital of a merchant who is pursuing his traffic over seas. All classes and creeds alike avail themselves of the security of the depository; and although an individual may fail to reclaim his property for twenty, fifty, or even an unlimited number of years, no seal is ever broken, no lock is ever forced. And despite that this great national bank, for as such it may truly be considered, offers not only an easy but an efficient and abundant means of supply, no instance has been known in which government has made an effort to avail itself of the treasures of Solimanie.—*City of the Sultan*.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Some recent circumstances appear to render it necessary that the public should be reminded of the mixed plan of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. It contains, 1st, a certain portion of original matter—namely, essays, tales, and sketches of society and manners, composed entirely from the ideas of the writers; 2d, articles in which the composition alone is new, the ideas, facts, and materials in general, being drawn from respectable authorities; 3d, articles respecting new publications, in which there is a mixture of critical remark, with specimens of the work under notice—a class of articles analogous to those composing the bulk of such publications as the *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette*. The fourth and last department of the work is devoted, like the spare columns of a newspaper, to fugitive paragraphs and fragments of an useful and amusing nature. The work thus at once involves the plans of an original Essayist, a Historical and Scientific Compiler, a Review, and a part of the plan of a Newspaper.

The Editors are most reluctant to occupy these columns with any matter of partial interest, and especially with any matter referring to themselves; but it appears necessary at this time to state the plan of the work in these explicit terms, in order that they may not obtain credit for what is not their own, as well as that they may not forfeit it for what is. The public is requested to observe, that whatever is not new in the Journal, bears in every case a careful quotation of the source from which it has been derived, every thing else being the production of the Editors themselves, or their assistants. A confusion on this subject is for more reasons than one most disagreeable to them. It in the first place frustrates one of their objects in the third and fourth departments of their work, the celebration of authors and books of merit throughout their wide circle of readers; in the second place, it tends to impair the reputation of their work as a vehicle of original literature. They would hope that the restatement of their plan on the present occasion may serve to prevent such confusion for the future.

The Editors take this opportunity of complaining of an unconscientious system which is pursued, respecting the original departments of their work, by their literary and dramatic contemporaries. Four dramas, respectively entitled "Blanch of Jersey," "John Duddleston, or the Merchant of Bristol," "The Keep of Castletill," and "The Dumb Man of Manchester," have lately been produced, without, as far as we are aware, any acknowledgment of their having been founded on tales in Chambers's Journal, respectively entitled "Grizel Cochrane," No. 84; "The Merchant of Bristol," No. 226; "The Vale of Manor," No. 230; and "The Downdraught," No. 13. We say we are not aware of any acknowledgment having been made of these debts to the Journal; but, if any such acknowledgment has been partially made in any instance, our complaint of course does not apply. The Memoir of Sir Walter Scott, which appeared as a supplement to our first volume, and first communicated the particulars of his life to the public, has been frequently abridged and extracted from, also without acknowledgment: in a work entitled Gorton's Biographical Dictionary, published by Whittaker and Company, it is condensed, with very little addition of matter from other sources, without even that simple quotation at the end of the article, which is given at the close of every other memoir in the work. A still more extensive use of the Memoir of Scott was made in the Annual Obituary, published by Longman and Company, but with an acknowledgment of the source, and of this we never complained. Indeed, we do not believe that any positive injury is ever inflicted upon any work by a partial use being made of it in a subsequent publication, especially if that other publication is one of a different character, price, and destination. When the original work is respectfully quoted, it is rather likely to be benefited by such an occurrence. But we decidedly object to such proceedings as those of the writers of the above dramas, and of the compiler of the article in Gorton's Dictionary—proceedings which we cannot characterise by a less harsh term than unconscientious, and which we shall, in every future case, think it our duty to bring under public notice.

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